

Random Evening in January

Roger Smith

I wonder if snowmen write poetry.
If in the midst of pondering,
they take a bite of carrot nose
or spin a button
with the easing tendencies of
obsessive compulsive behavior.
I wonder if I ask a snowman if he writes poetry if he'd
answer me,
or would he
merely ignore my question and pretend
I can't speak as we do him.
Does he use a pen, type them straight as do I, or use the
sticks
we ignorant humans tormented his
creation with as arms,
seldom having fingers to correctly grasp
any utensil to scribe.
I wonder if snowmen write poems
about reindeer droppings,
their undoubted hatred of sunrise,
or the brainwashing institution
called love.
Are they as naive and
believe that it exists more so than the
term itself?

Are there even snow women?
The very thought of them
nagging, forces a chill of winter down
my spine and
I can now hear them asking who bought
the snowman that new scarf.
I wonder if snowmen divorce snow women then write
powerful
poems
about it, angry poems like
I hope she melts,
or poems about how he misses the
frostbite of her voice,
the un-sculpted sexual organs
they never have or
just random thoughts about them
standing,
imagining there was a heartbeat
instead of ice.
I wonder if snowmen write poems about
humans,
our interactions, how we treat them,
and furthermore how
we treat each other.
Even from their view we must be cold.